

*The history*

*Prin.* Faith tell me now in earnest, how came Falstuffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Bar.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spearegrasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeares ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away, what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstuffs.*

*Prin.* No if rightly taken halter. Here commes leane iacke, here commes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long ist ago iacke since thou sawest thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee, when I was about thy yeares (Hall) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste, I could haue crept into anie Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of fighting and grief, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Thers villainous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North Percie, and he of Wales that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuel his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poynes.* O Glendower.

*Falst.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in lawe Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with his pistoll killes a sparrow flying.

*Falst.*

*of Henry the fourth.*

*Falst.* You haue hir it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

*Prin.* Why, what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye vpon instinct: well hee is there to, and one Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking Mackrel.

*Prin.* Why then, it is like if there come a hote Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob nailes, by the hundreds.

*Falst.* By the masse lad thou saiest true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way: but tell mee Hall, art not thou horrible asfearde? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe? as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuel Glendower, art thou not horribly asfraid? doth not thy bloud thril at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit ifaith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Falst.* Well thou wilt bee horrible chiddeto morrowe when thou comest to thy father, if thou loue mee practise an answer.

*Prin.* Do thou stand for my father and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Falst.* Shall I: content. This chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prin.* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne for a pittifull bald crowne.

*Falst.* Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee nowe shalt thou be mooued. Giue me a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it maie bee thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in king Cambises vaine.

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*Prin.*

